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Otto Nicolai.

(Continued from page 316.)

However much Nicolai strove to devote himself to the more severe school of music, he still could not remain unacquainted with the profane school, which then exercised, as it still exercises, undisputed sway in Italy, especially as he was not a rigorist, in so far as purposely ignoring the latter school went. At that very time, too, Italian music was to a certain degree at the zenith of its efforts, even though of the innumerable amateur *maestri*, some of whom were to be found in every town, there were only three composers, to whose names even Posterity will not deny its respect: Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti. The first two have rendered immense service to vocal music, and though Donizetti does not possess a definite original stamp of his own, his style of composition is an interesting modification of that of the other two. Nicolai had had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with his operas in Berlin, but the difference of climate was not without its influence upon his opinion of them.\* With these facts in our mind we approach a most marked and striking revolution of ideas in Nicolai's career, a revolution which even Kapper in vain endeavors to explain correctly. Yet the explanation is extremely simple. That in Germany Nicolai, with Mozart as the idol of his heart, should look down with patronizing contempt upon operatic matters in Italy is nothing wonderful, considering his critical views, which regarded the intellect as the supreme tribunal. Nevertheless, even then, and from his earliest work, Nicolai excelled in beautiful and flowing melody, and he began to devote attention to this natural gift. From Mozart to Bellini is a good leap, but not so tremendous a one as it perhaps appears at first sight. Just as the leading fundamental characteristics of the former are beauty and grace in every part of the tone-poem, that of the latter is beauty of the vocal portion to which all other resources have to be subordinate. In consequence of this his instrumentation is sparse, never covering the songs; his harmony unpretentiously clear; and his modulation of virgin purity. In Italy, where everything, even Nature herself, appeals to the feelings and not to the understanding, these qualities could not be disregarded by the stern, but still just, German composer, and he saw with amazement the geniality inherent to Bellini's music, and the tragic height to which the Italian master had elevated mere naked song. When, at a later period, Nicolai fell into an imitation of this model, he was, it is true, so far unfortunate, that he could not, and would not, divest himself of his musical knowledge and the resources of the orchestra as Bellini did. The result was that he committed inconsistencies, which did not exert an exactly advantageous influence upon his style, and though they may, in this particular branch of the art, have speedily procured for him a brilliant reputation, it was but transient. To his quickly conceived esteem for Bellini, which soon turned into imitation and life-long respect, he gave—leaving out of consideration his manner of composition soon afterwards apparent—direct expression by a "Trauermarsch für Orchestra auf Bellini's Tod," dating from about the same time as the letter mentioned above (published by Ricordi, Milan): by the Pianoforte Fantasia, Op. 27, on themes from *Norma*; by Vocal Variations, Op. 26, on *La Sonnambula*; and by the arrangement of Bellini's romance, "Sorgi, O Padre," for Voice, Piano, and Violoncello (Diabelli, Vienna). He began, also, to write a series of Italian Ariet-

tas and Canzonettas, which were highly successful, and encouraged him to pursue still farther the path he had taken. He saw how easily the Italian composers, such as Mercadante, Ricci, Pacini, and Coppola (a comrade of Bellini's at the Naples Conservatory, and whose opera, *La Pazzo per Amore*, had then made an immense sensation in Rome), won fame and gathered laurels, and, like every artist more or less, being ambitious, he resolved to seek his fortune in the same track, and thought that his future would be all the more brilliant from the fact of his being far superior in musical knowledge to the composers just named.

The only obstacles which he saw in his way were his office and his connection with Bunsen; but he succeeded, on the 1st April, 1837, in being allowed to resign, and as, in consequence of the well-known religious dispute at Cologne, Bunsen was recalled in March, 1838, Nicolai found himself free, and in no way bound to follow his former chief to Munich and England. Having, during the two previous years, made several small trips, which had rendered him sufficiently well acquainted with the north and south of Italy, he now proceeded, by way of Macerata, Bologna, where he became acquainted with Rossini, Modena, Parma, Piacenza, and Milan, meeting everywhere with a warm welcome and every mark of respect, for a short time to Vienna. Here he gave singing lessons, and obtained the title of Singing-Master at the Imperial Hoftheater. He published likewise for Germany, at Diabelli and Mechetti's, several compositions which had already appeared in Italy, and began working hard on the opera of *Enrico Secondo*, which he had commenced in that country.

Though he felt very comfortable in Vienna, where, with Conradin Kreutzer, and Reuling, he was appointed *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Hoftheater for 1837-38, he did not think that in this city he should find a sufficiently extensive sphere of action, since opera to which he was desirous of devoting his powers called him to Italy, whither he set out in October, 1838. On his way, he entered into successful negotiations with the managers at Milan, Turin, and Trieste, for supplying them with operas. In Rome, he worked with persevering industry on two subjects; nay, as he was not satisfied with any of the librettos sent him, he even had the intention of compiling one himself. Such pursuits, which enlisted his exertions, his hopes, and his fears, more than they do those of most other composers, did not, however, prevent his passing the winter of 1838-39 most agreeably in the interesting society of Franz Liszt and the Russian Count Wielhorsky. The latter had, by order of his medical men, come to Rome with his eldest son, who was an invalid, and whom he afterwards lost there. The Count had brought with him the score, almost complete, of his opera, *Die Tziganen* (*The Gipsies*), and he consulted Nicolai about it. In addition to this, Nicolai enjoyed the company and confidence of the worthy friend of his youth, Hermann Kretzschmer, whose studies had in 1837 led him to Rome, whence he started for the East, to meet once again, in 1848, his friend in Berlin, where he himself is still living and working as a highly distinguished painter. The two passed some joyous evenings at the house of a painter, Catel, of Berlin, a son of the well-known operatic composer. They sometimes also spent their evenings at the house of Signora Caggiotti, mother of that excellent artist, now resident in Berlin, Mme. Emma Caggiotti-Richards, Court-painter. In society Nicolai was always most amiable, and devotedly attached to his art. The scramble made by other young German artists then staying in Rome for mere bread and cheese he despised to such a

degree that, as Herr Kretzschmer, who himself heard him, has informed us, he very frequently, without caring where he was, inveighed bitterly and insultingly against such poor wretches, a course which naturally made him many enemies. It is true that, at the period in question, it was not yet personal motives, but the desire to see art and its disciples occupy an elevated position, that rendered him the fierce opponent of those whom he named "base souls." Count Wielhorsky, by the way, did not die till 1856, but his opera was never completed.

In this respect Nicolai was more fortunate, for he finished his opera, *Enrico Secondo*, in 1839, and soon afterwards another, *Rosamunda d'Inghilterra*, both which were produced at Trieste, but with only partial success. They soon disappeared; and, as of the first nothing at all, and of the second only a bass air, was published, we must leave to some intimate friend the task of entering into a detailed account of these works, as well as of filling up many a gap in this part of the composer's life.

Nicolai did not feel disheartened by the small success of his first operas, but had courage enough to write a third, at the order of the manager of the Teatro Regio, Turin. This was *Il Templario*, received with applause through the length and breadth of Italy, as well as far beyond the limits of that country.

This opera was the great attraction during the Carnival of 1840, and was performed four times afterwards. Nicolai's reputation was now assured, and spread to all the more important theatres in Italy. Of the large theatres, that at Milan was the first, after the success at Turin, to produce the work, doing so in August 1840. The enthusiasm was almost greater than in the first instance. The critics competed with each other in eulogy, and in prophesying a new era for music. After reading such futile demonstrations, we were surprised at an article sent by a correspondent to the *Paris Revue et Gazette Musicale*. It is dated Milan, 18th August, 1840, and treats the subject in a far more becoming and appropriate style. Here is a translation of the beginning:

"The historical romance, or, rather, the fine poem of *Ivanhoe*, by Walter Scott, furnished the author, Marini, with a subject for an opera book, to which Nicolai has composed the music for the Theatre Royal, Turin, and which the Scala selected to open the autumn season. We are not about to enter on any special analysis of the young Prussian composer's work, particularly as it is not such as will bear sharp critical examination, though, in saying this, we would not assert that, as a whole, it does not afford evidence of deep inspiration and artistic warmth; but it contains great mistakes, and still more imitations and reminiscences. If we take it all and all, however, we must allow that the composer gives extraordinary promise, with zeal and practice, for the future. The first cavatina for tenor, the duet between tenor and bass, that between bass and soprano, and the sextet of the third act, are, without bearing the stamp of unusual originality, very well worked out and effective. The instrumentation is excellent, though in the *Stretto* of the first act a perfect jumble of chord-phrases with *obbligato* noise, such as the taste of the day demands."

In Milan, also, *Il Templario* was performed a great many times, being, by the way, selected as the opera given on the grand gala night, during the stay of the clever Grand-Princess Helena of Russia, in September, 1840.

The next theatre that produced the interesting novelty was the San Carlo at Naples. There, too, the applause was boisterous, and such as had never been known before. It would lead us too

\* At the request of Count von Redern, Intendant-General of the Theatre Royal, Nicolai, had in May, 1834, written a long pamphlet, expounding his views on the state of opera in Italy.

far were we to attempt to name, one by one, the numerous Italian theatres that brought out the opera; but we must remark that Nicolai, whom, on account of his Italian-sounding name, every one proudly regarded as a countryman, and therefore, ranked among the eight great Italian operatic composers, namely: Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Ricci, Pacini, Coccia, and Coppola, received most unusual marks of honor.

But beyond the limits of Italy, also, Italian singers spread Nicolai's fame. The Kärnthner Theater, Vienna, was the first German theatre to produce *Il Templario*, with the contralto part of Rebecca altered by the composer to suit Tadolini's magnificent voice. Vienna was but an echo of the Italian theatres. Many of the favorite airs found their way to the barrel-organs, where they vegetated for years. With equal success, Barcelona and Malaga followed in 1841; Pesth, in July, 1842; Granada, in 1843; Berlin, in 1844; and St. Petersburg, in 1846. Nay, *Il Templario* extended its pilgrimage as far even as Constantinople and New York, weaving for its composer a chaplet of laurel such as no other German composer, except Meyerbeer, had ever culled in Italy.

It can surprise no one that, after such success, Nicolai was absolutely besieged with commissions from theatrical managers. Of the various librettos sent him, he hesitated between one founded on an antique, and another founded on a romantic and chivalrous subject, considering himself competent to do justice to both. As, however, he had already achieved so decided a triumph with a libretto of the Middle Ages, he, for a time, laid on one side *Proserpina* and composed *Odoardo e Gildippe*, produced at Genoa in 1840. It met, however, with only such partial success, that it soon disappeared forever from the repertory. As nothing of this opera, also, except a really beautiful Cavatina for Mezzo-Soprano, was ever published, we must refrain from giving an opinion on the work.

In consequence of great bodily and mental fatigue, brought on by travelling, composing, etc., Nicolai now began to feel seriously indisposed. But his rare physical and mental energy enabled him to overcome this, and, the same year, to write another opera, which he had promised to the Scala, the theatre where he had been so extraordinarily successful. This opera, *Il Proscritto*, in its subsequently amended form, as it now lies before us, is, in every respect an important work, far superior to *Il Templario*, and, therefore, we shall not fail at the proper time and place to speak of it more in detail, as it afterwards issued, re-modelled, at Vienna, from the young composer's hand. We will for the present merely state that it was successful only with the educated public, who in Nicolai's youthfully fresh and high genius, which was beginning to unite the most profoundly poetical conception with decided musical talent and a thoroughly scientific musical education, perceived the foundation of a better era for music and of a return to simplicity. As we have already hinted, the masses treated the work with coldness, though in the simplicity of its style, in the tender, fervid, and grandiose conception of the poem, and in the characterization of the personages, it might almost have been adopted as a model for Italian opera.

But Nicolai was not deterred by the comparatively small success of *Il Proscritto* from working at other operas. It was now partly *Proserpina*, and partly—as the strong and comic personages of Shakespeare's comedies had begun to interest him, and he felt he possessed a sufficient fund of musical humor for a refined comic opera—*Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, for which he himself wrote the plan of the libretto, and had it put into verse by an Italian author, which now engrossed all his attention. Both works, however, were destined, perhaps fortunately for their success, never to be concluded in Italy. Nay, the latter work had scarcely got beyond the Introduction, when Nicolai received a flattering invitation to accept the post of first *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Opera, Vienna. Since Conradin Kreutzer left that capital in 1840, the post had been held only nominally by him, and, for more than a year,

great hesitation had been displayed in appointing any one else, for the post was the most important of its kind in Germany. It not only demanded a thoroughly competent conductor and experienced judge of vocal and instrumental music, but, as a German alternated with an Italian operatic season at the Imperial Operahouse, a musician who was acquainted with the two heterogeneous styles, and knew how to value, without partiality, what was good and beautiful in each. Such qualities were then, as they still are, rarities, and, as we have already stated, there was for a considerable time some hesitation, until, principally on the recommendation of Ballochino, poet to the Imperial Opera, who had become acquainted with, and conceived a great esteem for him, at Milan, the choice at length fell upon Nicolai, who, after some trifling objections had been overcome, received the official appointment. It was this very post which, ever since his first short stay in Vienna, had always floated as an ideal before his mind. It did not, therefore, require so very great an effort on his part for him to leave his enthusiastically beloved Italy, to renounce all the laurels he might still gather there, and to hasten to his new home. The stipulated salary, by the way, amounted to 2,000 florins annually; the contract was for three years, with a holiday of two months every year, and the obligation to write the management, during this time, a new German opera.

Having arrived in Vienna in April, 1841, the first thing Nicolai did was to get up his *Templario*, and conduct the earlier performances, which were perfectly model performances, and tended greatly to increase his reputation. He then went, by the way of Cracow, to Warsaw, where, after a long separation, he again saw and embraced his mother, on whom he settled a permanent monthly pension. After a short stay, he returned to Vienna.

In Vienna itself, at the time of Nicolai's arrival, there was a lively taste for music, founded upon the feeling then just awakening, but, unfortunately, not lasting long, for what was elevated and good, and which must have restored the classic style of a Mozart and a Beethoven all its former importance. Nicolai instantly entered heart and soul into this tendency on the part of the public, and his whole sojourn in Vienna is scarcely aught else than an account of the fruits of these exertions, which Vienna still thankfully acknowledges, even at the present day.

It was on the evening of the 27th August, 1841, that, in the pretty little Summer Theatre at Hietzing, near Vienna, the animated conversation of a stranger concerning the musical questions of the day with his companion attracted the attention of the persons seated near him. He remained at the Soirée, which was given on the occasion, till the grand air from *Il Templario* was sung by Signora Cerini, and much applauded. Hereupon, not without some sarcastic remarks upon a musical and "declamatory" entertainment, in which nothing was "declaimed," he left the theatre. It was in vain that people asked each other who this certainly important individual was. This was not destined to remain long a secret to any Viennese; soon afterwards, Otto Nicolai, for he was the stranger, grasped the conductor's staff at the Imperial Operahouse near the Kärnthner Thor.

(To be continued.)

[From the New York Tribune.]

#### Junius Brutus Booth.\*

Of the three great actors who stand together in this century, above all others in the English school, one may be claimed as an American. Though born in England, May 1, 1796, Junius Brutus Booth chose this country for his home. He came of a Republican stock. His father left England to fight for America in the Revolution; and after his return to London, reverently kept the portrait of Washington in his drawing-room. No visitor was permitted to stand in the presence of the picture with covered head. Thus from childhood Junius Brutus Booth was taught to believe in the Republic; he came to this country at

\* Passages, Incidents, and Anecdotes in the life of Junius Brutus Booth, (the elder). By his daughter.

the age of 25, and here his greatest triumphs were won. He deserves to be called the greatest of American tragedians. England has no right to his fame.

Till now no authentic biography of the great actor had been written, but numerous improbable anecdotes and incorrect sketches of his life were circulated in the newspapers and magazines. Half the anecdotes of distinguished men are, doubtless, mere inventions, and many good stories are told of Booth which really belong to the dramatic apocrypha. These memorials, though not as complete as we expected, correct much misapprehension of his character and form an authentic record of his singular career. That they are written by his daughter gives them deeper interest. Booth had ten children, of whom five still live, Junius, Rosalie, Edwin, Asia, and Joseph; this volume is the work of Asia—Mrs. John S. Clarke—and reveals in no small degree the genius hereditary in the family. To all biographies, in which the history of the subject is related by a relative or friend, this sweeping objection exists, that the maxim "speak only good of the dead" is too faithfully heeded for the interests of truth, and that while most faults are suppressed, all virtues are exaggerated. But this objection cannot be fairly made to these memorials. They are written with a spirit of reserve, but not of concealment, and the author has beautifully united a feeling of devotion to the father with rare impartiality in judging the tragedian. It is the story of a wild and daring genius, simply and sadly told. The reasons for its publication the introduction states, with a delicacy and candor almost unmatched, when we consider that, of the event to which it alludes, the authoress was permitted neither to be silent, nor to speak freely.

"This volume was originally designed as a token of the profound love and reverence with which the children of a good and noble father ever regarded him in life, and honor his memory in death. At a recent period, the perusal of English publications on the drama having such total disregard of justice, in all relating to my father, made the task I had undertaken in love become a duty. After a tedious research, I had compiled a faithful account, and when very near its completion, it was laid aside.

"A calamity, without precedent, has fallen upon our country! We, of all families, secure in domestic love and retirement, are stricken desolate! The name we would have envrathed with laurels is dishonored by a son—his well beloved—his bright boy Absalom!

"My task never should have been resumed, but in the heaviest hours of our sorrow, so many tongues were free to calumniate us, privately and professionally, that I am urged to complete my work, in the belief, that while this truthful sketch may tend to interest the friends of my lamented father, it will serve, in all honest minds, to confute the aspirations of evil men."

Junius Brutus Booth is one of many proofs that acting is an independent art, and not a mere combination of oratory with scenic display. For men are born actors as they are born painters, poets, or musicians. Booth had a classical education; he learned printing, and studied law; he was appointed a midshipman in the British navy; he had unquestionably much literary ability, and none of his family had part in the theatrical profession. Yet from an innate love of acting, he resolved to be an actor, and when only 17 years old left his home, and against the wishes of his father made an engagement with a provincial manager. In 1814 his company visited Holland, where Booth endured many of the hardships of a strolling player. But he soon learned to trust that ambition which led him to the stage, and, in 1815, sought without success a London engagement. He then played at Brighton as *Richard*, *Norval*, and *Sir Edward Mortimer*, obtaining the friendship and admiration of many persons, among others Dr. Williams, (Anthony Pasquin,) who seems to have been among the first to recognize his genius. At last he obtained an engagement at Covent Garden, but only to play subordinate characters, and at the end of the season returned in disgust to the provincial theatres. At Brighton, by failing to keep an engagement, Edmund Kean unconsciously befriended a rival of whose existence he was previously ignorant. At short notice Booth was required to play *Sir Giles Overreach*, in the place of Kean, and surprised the audience with unexpected energy and power. This performance, by the influence of Lord Erskine, Dr. Williams, and other friends, obtained him a trial night at Covent Garden, where he appeared Feb. 12, 1817, as *Richard III.* His success was so great that Kean, the monarch of the English stage, seems to have been alarmed for his supremacy. Here began that wretched professional jealousy which in the end had much to do with Booth's emigration to America. Kean, taking an advantage of a misunderstanding about terms,



between Booth and Mr. Harris, the manager of the Covent Garden Theatre, immediately called upon the *debutant*, carried him to Drury Lane Theatre, and induced him at once to sign an engagement. Eight days after his appearance as *Richard*, Booth played *Iago* to Kean's *Othello*, at Drury Lane, to an immense and enthusiastic audience. London papers of the day compared this circumstance to the friendly rivalry of Garrick and Quin. But this joint triumph was soon to end. Booth was soon informed that he was not to play any of Kean's parts, such as *Richard* and *Sir Giles*—parts which he had given special study. In addition to this, he was required to support Kean in secondary roles. He at once withdrew from an engagement which he considered Kean had broken and returned to Covent Garden.

This caused great excitement, and those were the days when the London public cared more for the theatre than they did for Parliament; when men like Garrick and Kean excited as lively interest as Chatham or Pitt; when dramatic writing was a profession, not a business; when actors were hissed and plays were damned, and the storms of theatrical rivalry did not rage in the green-rooms alone. Booth's reappearance at Covent Garden was the occasion of a fierce and brutal riot, and a newspaper war between the partisans of the rival tragedians. Booth's genius finally triumphed over opposition; he continued to play *Richard* and *Sir Giles*, alternately, and also appeared as *Iago*, *Posthumus* and *Sir Edward Mortimer*. Impartial minds, who took no part in the strife, acknowledged his abilities, and his *Iago* was especially admired by William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," who addressed him a letter of advice, predicting his fame. We have read much in regard to this celebrated difficulty between Kean and Booth, much that is not quoted in these memorials, and there is no doubt that Booth's errors were but the mistakes of a very young man. The fault was Kean's, who can hardly be acquitted of an intention to crush a dangerous rival. "Mr. Kean," says the biography before us, "the acknowledged king of tragedy, did not intend to allow a continuation of this rivalry. He had previously seen the power of his adversary, and merely proffered him a taste of adulation and success before attempting his down-fall. It is needless to explain that in the signing of that fatal memorandum, Mr. Kean had covert design. He knew the contents in their literal and technical design, and Mr. Booth did not." It is with pleasure, however, that we read that the mere mention of Kean's name, in later years, never failed to draw from Booth "genuine praise and unselfish admiration;" that in 1820 the two great actors again played together, at Drury Lane, and that years after, after Booth had won American reputation, they met in England and reconciled their ancient misunderstanding. Booth remained in England till 1821, and, before sailing for this country, appeared as *Lear*, one of his grandest performances. Hazlitt, whose intense enthusiasm for Kean was only limited by his critical habits of thought, appears to have reluctantly conceded to Booth supremacy in this character.

In 1821, at the Richmond Va., Theatre, Booth began his American career, which, lasting more than thirty years, justly entitles him to the fame of an American actor. In New York, he made his first appearance at the Park Theatre, October 5, 1821, as *Richard*. During his engagement he played *Brutus*, *Lear*, *Othello* and *Hamlet*, and at once took a position at the head of his profession. He travelled through the country from Boston to New Orleans, and gained a national reputation before the age of twenty-six. He twice visited England. We need not repeat the events of his professional life in this country; enough that all his triumphs ended November 30, 1852, when, returning to his home from an engagement at New Orleans, he died on a Mississippi steamboat, alone among strangers. His monument, erected by Edwin Booth, now stands in the Baltimore cemetery.

The three great actors of the age are Kean, Booth and Cooke. Who is ever wearied of the old story of their conquests of the stage? There is a particular personal interest felt in the great actor, because it is in his person that his genius and his work is embodied. The author stands behind his book, the painter behind his picture, but the actor presents himself. Fortunately we know much of those who trod the modern stage, and can estimate them fairly. Kean, Booth and Cooke were men singularly alike. Each had an intensely nervous temperament, and an imagination, which sometimes overmastered reason. Pope's hackneyed verse: "Great wits to madness nearly are allied," has confirmation in their strange aberrations. Their actions often seemed to be more than eccentric and kindled by insanity. The power which they possessed, far beyond other men, of identifying themselves with heroes and kings, and villains, could not be always kept within the glittering boundary of

the footlights; it cast its glamor over real life, and covered the world with strange hues, like a landscape seen through a many colored casement. Thus, the dying Kean, arrayed in war-paint, wampum-belts and panther skins, played the part of an Indian chief, solely for his own delight. Cooke, with a coarser nature, pawned himself for a bottle of brandy, and was ticketed and stowed away upon a shelf to be redeemed. Booth's adventures of the kind were numerous. He did many things which in another man would have aroused derision, but in him had electrical effect. While playing *Brutus*, in the tragedy of John Howard Payne, in the most thrilling scene where the Roman condemns his son to death, Booth was deeply affected, and tears streamed from his eyes. He was interrupted by a drunken man in the gallery, when, without losing the character, he fixed his eyes upon the offender, and exclaimed, "Beware, I am the headsman—I am the executioner." On the lips of Forrest or Macready, such words would have caused a roar of laughter; but in the case of Booth this added to the profound impression of the tragedy—they became a part of it. For such a mind there was little distinction between the stage and the street. We do not believe that either Booth, or Kean, or Cooke, had any organic insanity; but there was frequently little difference between the excesses of their imagination and the freaks of the madman. When Booth, sailing to Charleston, S.C., sprang into the sea, with the intention of suicide, it was not because of any sufficient reason, but simply from an overmastering imagination, which had long been brooding over the death of the actor Conway.

Intellectually, Booth was undoubtedly the greatest of the tragedians. He had the advantage of a good education, and was a hard student throughout his life. As a linguist, his accomplishments were remarkable; he spoke eight or ten languages, and in New Orleans, at the French Theatre, appeared successfully in the tragedies of Racine. Kean was desirous of a reputation for scholarship, but his acting was far better than the Latin he affected. Neither Kean nor Cooke would have been successful in any but a theatrical career; but Booth's abilities might certainly have gained him eminence in literature. He wrote well, had great conversational powers, and was not only an actor but a theologian. "All forms of religion and all temples of devotion were sacred to him, and in passing churches he never failed to bare his head reverently. He worshipped at many shrines; he admired the Koran, and in that volume many beautiful passages are underscored; days sacred to color, ore and metals were religiously observed by him. In the synagogues he was known as a Jew, because he conversed with the rabbis and learned doctors, and joined their worship in the Hebrew tongue. He read the Talmud, and strictly observed many of its laws. Several fathers of the Roman Catholic Church recount pleasant hours spent with him in theological discourse, and aver that he was of their persuasion, by his knowledge of the mysteries of their faith." Yet no religion was too humble, and of all the places of worship he frequented, that which he most loved, says his daughter, "was a floating church, or 'Sailor's Bethel.' The congregation was of the humblest degree, and the ministers not at all edifying. I remember kneeling through a lengthy impromptu prayer, which contained no spirit of piety to my childish ears, and looking around wearily at my father, I beheld his face so earnestly inspired with devotion that I felt rebuked, and it became pleasant to attend to that which was devoid of interest before."

We are willing to believe that this reverence for religion, which had such opposite modes of expression, was yet deeply rooted, and that it was shown in daily acts of philanthropy. There was a rare beauty in the nature of this singular man; his tenderness for even the brutes recalls that of the lady in Shelley's "Sensitive Plant." "A golden thread of human sympathy with all creatures whom God had made ran through the darkening moods of his genius," says the Rev. Mr. Freeman Clark, describing the solemnity with which he gave Christian burial to a few dead wild pigeons, an eccentric protest against what he firmly believed to be wanton murder. In 1822, he purchased a farm in Harford County, Maryland, his home when not fulfilling theatrical engagements. Here he consistently enforced his humane creed: the use of flesh for food was prohibited. "Animal life on the farm," says his daughter, "was sacred, from the dainty partridge to the black snake and wild boar of the wood. The servants, if actually wanting meat, were allowed money to purchase it from the neighbors; but the immediate family religiously observed the law of abstinence. Another thing forbidden was the felling of trees. Every tree was held sacred from the axe as if a Dryad or woodland nymph inhabited its trunk. Fallen trees and brush served for firewood, while animal and vegetable life flourished in

rare luxuriance." The following letter, which Booth wrote in 1833 to his father, is a characteristic expression of his opinions.

"Dear Father: The weather was so bad that the managers closed the house on Wednesday evening. I had to play on Thursday in lieu of it, and again to-night. As Joe will want 'Fanny' to finish the ploughing I send her home. Let the gentleman who bears this have 'Peacock' to ride back to Baltimore. Let Joe sow the timothy in the meadow. Tell Junius not to go opossum hunting or setting rabbit-traps, but to let the poor devils live. Cruelty is the offspring of idleness of mind and beastly ignorance, and in children should be repressed and not encouraged, as is too often the case by unthinking beings who surround them. A thief who takes property from another has it in his power, should he repent, to make a restoration; but the robber of life never can give back what he has wantonly and sacrilegiously taken from beings perhaps innocent, and equally capable of enjoying pleasure or suffering torture with himself. The ideas of Pythagoras I have adopted; and as respects our accountability to animals hereafter, nothing that man can preach can make me believe to the contrary. 'Every death its own avenger breeds.' Enough of this. I think there is some parsnip-seed hanging in a paper by the looking-glass in the parlor. Let Joe sow some in manure, in small trenches in the garden—say three or four rows."

Booth was a great actor—we think the age has produced none greater, and certainly even Edmund Kean was in some respects his inferior. But Kean had an advantage which Booth lacked—critics and eulogists, who not only had the ability but the inclination to do justice to his powers. Such men as Byron and Hazlitt have taken care of his fame. Booth left London, then the theatrical metropolis of the world, before his genius was matured, and thus deprived himself of criticism which might have been a part of the literature of the age. England never forgot nor forgave his desertion of the English stage. Mrs. Clarke is perfectly correct in saying that recent English publications have done injustice to his fame. He came to a country where the importance of the stage had then less recognition from literature. True, Carpenter had published the "Mirror of Taste" in Philadelphia, a periodical chiefly devoted to the theatre, but his criticisms were but second rate, and though there were certainly men capable of writing intelligently of the drama, we do not remember a single article upon Booth's acting that was worthy of it. Newspaper praise he had in abundance, but it lacked discrimination and description. This deficiency has been unfortunate for his fame, which rests too much upon tradition and recollections of old players; yet what evidence we have is enough to place him among the few great tragedians who have lived since Betterton. Those who remember him well say that no other actor resembled him. He had a wonderful individuality. In his great moments there was something awful in his passion—"he impressed me," wrote a gentleman who saw him in his proudest days, "almost as something supernatural, as a being from another world. No living actor equals the sublimity and the beauty of his passion." His portraits, his letters, even his faults confirm the originality of his genius—genius which, though not fully recorded, fortunately still lives in his son. It is, perhaps, from Edwin Booth that this generation can form its finest idea of his father. But though he has inherited the grace, the gentleness, the beauty, and the electrical swiftness, he still lacks that towering and tempestuous passion, that supernatural energy, which in the elder Booth reinspired even the tragedy of Shakspeare.

### New Organ in Trinity Church, New Haven.

(From the New Haven Palladium, Sept. 8.)

Old Trinity has witnessed many solemn services within her hallowed walls, but none more truly sacred than on Friday night, when the two thousand pipes of her magnificent organ fulfilled the Divine injunction "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!"

The organ case is simple and massive, showing a front of gothic arches, built of black walnut and chestnut woods combined, and displaying the front pipes, which are delicately colored and picked out with gold. These pipes are real and speak, not as is often the case mere shams which should never be found in a church. The arches of the case are supported and divided by solid buttresses, so that the whole appearance of the instrument is massive and ornamental.

The Pedale ranges from C to D, a compass of twenty-seven notes, and is wonderfully powerful in tone, while at the same time there is a rich softness even in the lowest notes which sustains and holds up the superstructure of the three organs, the Great, the Swell and the Choir, which make up the mighty whole.

One of the most difficult problems of organ building is the voicing of the reed stops, and in this particular the Messrs. Hook have been singularly fortunate. Several professional organists, well acquainted with the great organs both here and in Europe, who were present at the opening, unanimously agreed that the reed pipes could not be surpassed in beauty and purity of tone. The diapasons extending through the whole organ bind the most distant tones together and fill up the intervals so that the ear is perfectly satisfied with the full harmony. Some of the stops are of such singular and rare beauty of tone that they deserve particular mention. The Viol da Gamba and the Violone imitate most exactly the effect of a stringed instrument. One can almost hear the peculiar tone produced by drawing the bow across the strings. The Geigen-Principal, a new stop, is much admired. The Clarinet is a perfect imitation of that beautiful instrument, and the Flauto D'Amour is really a flute, only more exquisitely pure than we are often favored with hearing its original. No one who was present will ever forget the beauty of the Doppel Flöte as exhibited by Mr. Willcox in his solo. The execution belonged to the player, but the full, sweet, yet delicate tone of this stop, belongs to the builder.

One of the triumphs of mechanical skill which the Messrs. Hook have displayed in this instrument can only be correctly appreciated by a close examination. The Pneumatic Lever is so arranged as to work the whole organ and thus enable the player to bring out its full power with perfect ease. In many, indeed in most great organs, the pressure required to be brought upon a note is equal to ten pounds, and of course in holding down a chord or series of notes, the fatigue is much increased; beside which, the pipe does not immediately respond to the player's finger, and thus the whole performance is heavy and dilatory. Through the whole of Trinity organ runs a net-work of valves and pistons like the nerves of the human body, communicating with the player as he sits at the key-board, and enabling him, by the slightest pressure, to convey his will to every part of the great instrument. Nothing is more extraordinary than the promptitude with which every pipe, from the vastest to the smallest, responds to the finger. In some organs so slowly do the larger bass pipes give out the tone, that their use has been entirely laid aside; they have been silent for years, thus robbing the instrument of more than half its force.

Of the performance of Friday night we have left ourselves but scant space to speak. Mr. Willcox, who has devoted much of his time to assisting in getting up the organ, displayed its beauties with a loving hand. His reputation is too widely known to need our commendation. Few who heard him will ever forget what was in our opinion the gem of the evening, The Communion by Batiste. It bore us away from the Elm City back to an old cathedral in a distant land, and again we knelt upon the marble pavement before the great altar, while saints looked down upon us from the blazoned windows, as the holy strain sobbed through the groined arches. Dr. Wm. Anderson played the magnificent overture to William Tell with great power of execution, and displayed a highly cultivated taste in his management of the stops. It is only just to say that our New Haven player fairly held his own beside the Boston master, who, we know, has the highest opinion of his younger brother in art.

Justice demands a few words in mention of the workers in the enterprise. The Messrs. Hook have labored in no sordid spirit. They have not forgotten that they are artists, and that this organ is to bear their name for long years. Mr. F. H. Hastings, a member of their firm, has labored with the most devoted zeal from the first commencement of the work in November '65 till its completion. This gentleman, who has superintended the erection of the instrument, and to whose taste the design of the case is due, is an enthusiast in his art, as all true artists are. Nor should we forget Messrs. Henry P. Holland and Mark H. Plaisted, the intelligent and skilled mechanics who have worked faithfully during the last month, and to whom much of the success is due. The Messrs. Hook have secured the services of Mr. Sturm, who came from Germany with the great Boston organ, and he has had much to do with the planning of their latest work. There is probably no firm in the world,—certainly none in America,—possessing more advantages for doing ample justice to their patrons than this old and honored New England house. With an energy and enterprise which is truly American, they combine the patient study of the European organ-builders, and a care in selecting what is really valuable in the shape of novelty and rejecting what is meretricious, peculiarly their own.

### Cherubini and his "Wassertraeger."

Cherubini was first known on the lyric stage in Paris by the scores of *Medée* and *Lodoïska*, in which people admire the richness of the harmony at the same time as the profound science and dramatic expression. But, observes the *Art Musical*, these learned productions were composed to books which did not contain what was required at that period: good opportunities for vocal display. Thus, even while applauding the music, every one remained cold, and did not experience the same attraction as for the works of Marsollier and Dalayrac, of Hoffman and of Méhul. The fact is that, between these men associated in so many brilliant successes, there existed the sympathy of talent and experience; the author of the book counted for half in the piece which obtained the suffrages of the public; and, lastly, this same public demanded in a lyric work as much from the author as from the composer—it liked to pass from a piece of music distinguished for its truthfulness of expression to well contrived scenes, to clever dialogue, and to interesting situations. Cherubini, who till then had not had a book permitting him to indulge in songs of a popular kind, applied to all the literary men for such a one. A young author, Bonilly, who had already furnished the Theatre Feydeau with *Le onore*, music by Gaveaux, was lucky enough to satisfy the desire of the eminent composer. The idea of the book was full of interest. It turned upon an admirable trait of devotion on the part of a Water-carrier towards a person of distinction, who, shut up in the Auvergnat's cask, escaped as by a miracle. It was upon this subject that the young author wrote a piece entitled *Les deux Journées*, which he eagerly confided to Cherubini. The latter, fancying he saw in it every opportunity for affording full scope to his rich and fertile imagination, set to work assiduously on the composition of one of the finest scores in the modern repertory.

Mme. Scio, so remarkable for the beauty of her voice, her warmth of feeling, and her distinguished appearance, was then shining at the Opera Comique. By her side, at the same period, was an artist full of spirit and talent, the inimitable Juliet, cultivating his art by instinct, and who, from the saucepans of a restaurateur, had made his way to the lyric stage, where he obtained so great a vogue for the *Club des bonnes Gens*, and more especially for the *Visitandines*. These two famous singers, supported by other distinguished artists, offered Cherubini and his young colleague great chances of success. Affairs were then, moreover, eminently favorable to the fine arts. General Bonaparte, having returned from Egypt, had just effected the revolution of the 18th Brumaire. Intestine divisions and the confining shock of parties had been dissipated as though by enchantment. Paris soon resumed its activity, and its influence in Europe. Literature recovered its dignity, and art its empire. Every one gave himself up without fear to his habits and tastes. It was in this state of things that Cherubini put the finishing touch to *Les deux Journées*. The management of the Theatre Feydeau was actively employed in the production of the work. The composer, however, and his colleague were not free from anxiety as to its fate, though the artists smiled at their timidity. Juliet and Mme. Scio assured them by the admirable talent they displayed at the rehearsals, and never ceased telling them that their Water-Carrier would make the round of France.

The first performance of *Les deux Journées*, took place before a great audience. The overture met with universal approbation. The first act was pronounced well planned and uninterruptedly interesting. The finale, that admirable septet, cited as one of the master-pieces of the French school, produced the most lively enthusiasm. The curtain had just fallen upon this act, when a large number of pupils of the Conservatory scaled the orchestra, and surrounded the composer. But, while replying to their warm congratulations and to the cordial grasps of their hands, he was thinking of something which seriously disquieted him. He was entirely absorbed by the scene of the cask. The fate of the piece was bound up with that, and, on several occasions, he had seen the public forget the enthusiasm created by a first act, and display great severity towards the following acts. He reckoned, however, and with great justice, on Juliet's spirit and powers. Every measure had been taken in order that the scene of the cask, containing an illustrious *Proscrit*, might produce all the effect expected from it. But a mere nothing might annihilate the composer's hopes. It was necessary that the interest and the comic element of the scene should strike the public at the very minute, the very second, indicated. It was necessary to avoid the vigilance of a sentry whose steps were counted. In a word, Count Armand had not more than a minute in which to escape. Everything combined to render this decisive instant favorable for the

piece. With the natural frankness peculiar to the worthy Auvergnats, Juliet first drew from the cask a pailful of real water, and then suddenly opened the cask, whence the Noble on whose head a price has been set, escaped. The delicious joy experienced by the admirable son of the people, the wonderful facial expression of the actor, the vibrating accents of his voice, and, above all, the indescribable effect of the orchestra, produced among the entire audience one of those sudden phases of emotion impossible to be withstood. The cask scene was the occasion of a somewhat strange incident.

At the third performance of *Les deux Journées*, the theatre was crowded by a great number of the lower classes, among whom some Water-Carriers had found their way, and filled the second and the third gallery. The piece was even more effective than ever, and the bravos from the broad vigorous chests of the poorer visitors, resounded all over the house. The next morning, at about ten o'clock, twelve Water-Carriers, in their working costume, with their straps on their backs, waited upon Cherubini. The orator of the band carried an enormous nosegay, which he offered the composer, saying, at the same time, in the jargon peculiar to the Water-Carriers from Auvergne, and which it is impossible to render in a translation:

"Beg pardon, sir, if we intrude, but when the heart speaks it cannot be resisted."

"What do you desire, my worthy friends?" asked Cherubini.

"To thank you, in the name of all the water-carriers, for the honor you have done us in your beautiful piece at the theatre, where, by Heaven! you have shown us in such a light—that it made us cry like so many children, and that is the truth."

"I painted you as you are, my good friends," replied Cherubini.

"Well, it's very pleasing, and so I have come to beg that you will accept these flowers as a mark of our gratitude, and give us the permission to supply your house with water for a whole year—for nothing, of course. I have agreed with all my comrades. Each will take his week. That will be jolly."

"I am profoundly touched by your offer," said the composer, "which flatters as much as it honors me. But you must allow me to accept only these beautiful flowers, which I would not change for a crown."

"Oh! don't refuse us, d—n it all! It would give us too much pain. You are a good fellow; don't refuse."

"Your time and your labor," answered Cherubini, "are too necessary for the maintenance of your families for me to consent to profit by your fatigue and your exertions. Let us say no more about it, my good friends. If my piece has caused your hearts to beat, believe me that your offer has had no less an effect upon mine, and that it will never be effaced from my memory. As for the flowers, I will deck my wife and my daughter with them, promising you to preserve one that will remind me all my life of this delightful interview."

With these words, Cherubini sent for several bottles of his best old wine, and he and the Water-Carriers proposed to each other the most expressive and sincere toasts, accompanied by expressions of mutual devotion and esteem.

As he said, Cherubini carefully preserved one of the flowers of this magnificent nosegay, and had it placed in a glass globe. Every time he looked at it, it reminded him of the happiest moments in his dramatic career.

## Music Abroad.

### Worcester Festival.

The 143d Festival of the Three Choirs opened on Tuesday morning, Sept. 11, in Worcester Cathedral, and, strange to say, with a formal clerical *defence of church music*! We copy from the *Orchestra's* report:

The chant service was Dr. Wesley's; the anthem, Mr. Goss's "Praise the Lord, O my soul." The Rev. J. W. Leigh of Stoneleigh preached an eloquent and able sermon in defence of church music. When the vicar quoted among texts the sixth verse of Chronicles I. chap. 25, it was the general feeling of his hearers that a sufficiently powerful refutation of the objections of Lord Dudley, Dr. Bege, and other haters of church music might be found in the Divine authority of this passage:—"And all these were under the hands of their father for song in the house of the Lord, with cymbals, psalteries, and harps, for the service of the house of God, according to the King's order to Asaph, Jeduthun, and Heman."

By noon a brilliant attendance had gathered in the Cathedral. The stewards were indefatigable in se-



curing accommodation, for which the demand was brisk. The high-priced seats in the nave and the reserved seats in the aisles were filled, and the transepts well attended. Mr. Costa's plan of planting the first and second violins in the front rank of the orchestra was adhered to, so that the principal subjects of the compositions could be distinctly heard, while the other instruments were performing their allotted parts. The band embraced the leading names of the profession—Sainton, Blagrove, Harper, Carrodus, Webb, Lazarus, Pratten, and many more.

A glance at the programme of the first day, and the various artists who supported it is the best criticism. The first part was as follows:—"Dettingen Te Deum," Handel; Solo (Mme. Patey-Whytock and Chorus), "We praise Thee, O God;" Quartet, "The glorious company;" Chorus, "The Holy Church;" Solo (Mr. Lewis Thomas and Chorus), "Thou art the King of Glory" (Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Harper); Solo (Mr. Cummings), "When Thou tookst upon Thee;" Chorus, "When thou hadst overcome;" Trio (Mme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas), "Thou sittest at the right hand;" Chorus, "We therefore pray Thee;" Chorus, "Make them to be numbered;" Solo (Mr. Lewis Thomas), "Vouchsafe, O Lord;" Solo (Mme. Patey-Whytock and Chorus), "O Lord, in Thee;" Anthem (Psalm 55), "Hear my Prayer" (Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington and Chorus), Mendelssohn; Trio, "Haste to Samaria," "Naaman" (Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Cummings), Costa, Recit., "Tis as Gehazi said," "Naaman" (Mr. Santley), Costa; Invocation, "Hear me, Almighty God," "Naaman" (Mr. Santley), Costa; Recit. and Air, "I dreamt I was in Heaven," "Naaman" (Mme. Sainton-Dolby), Costa; Quartet, "Honor and glory," "Naaman" (Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley), Costa; Solo, "As from the power of sacred lays" (Mlle. Tietjens and Chorus), Handel; Chorus, "The dead shall live" Handel.

The splendid setting of the *Te Deum*, composed after the victory of Dettingen, 1743, and the finest ever written to the so-called Ambrosian hymn, was fittingly sung. The effect of the choruses was sublime; and it is so much the sublimity of Handel that we wish we could wholly absolve him of borrowing from Purcell's previous setting. The solemnity of compositions of this kind is undoubtedly heightened by the effect of their being heard in a cathedral; but in the particular *Te Deum* in question there are passages which suffer from the very same cause: the echoes of the building destroy the precision of the notes. The solo part of Mendelssohn's anthem was allotted to Mme. Sherrington, to whom it is eminently suited. It is to be regretted that room was not found for a larger portion of Mr. Costa's "Naaman" than that given. The excerpt was most favorably received by the audience, who were specially delighted with the canon "Honor and glory," in which the magnificent notes of Mme. Tietjens were heard to advantage. Mr. Santley was impressive in the "Hear me, Almighty God;" and Mme. Sainton Dolby in the following recitative and air, the most popular number of the oratorio, sang well, although the infant character of the supposititious singer was hardly symbolized in the real singer's voice. "Ne pas riellir" is an endeavor which artists think easy. The second part of the day-performances—lunch intervening—was made up of a selection from Haydn's "Creation." But for the intervention named the succession of Haydn to Handel might have been unfortunate for the former. Its light and airy character, however, was acceptable in the afternoon; and Mr. Sims Reeves's return to the service of the Three Choirs found general favor. The choruses of these festivals are well accustomed to the "Creation;" with this advantage, therefore, and the support the oratorio derived from a cast comprising Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Reeves, our readers may readily imagine that it was worthily performed.

The concert in the evening given in the College Hall was excellently attended and went very satisfactorily. Its interesting portion was a selection from Weber's opera of "Euryanthe," a work well-known for its beauty of melody, but tabooed from the stage by the trashy nature of the libretto. The selection was well made: it comprised the popular overture, executed with great spirit,—a number of fresh, happy choruses, the Huntsmen's especially—the air "Flowers of the valley," sung by Mlle. Tietjens to perfection—and the cavatina "Soft airs" for Mr. Sims Reeves. We must not omit to notice Mr. Cummings's singing of his cavatina. Mr. Santley subsequently gave the "Eri tu" from "Un Ballo in Maschera," which he rendered with manly force, drawing a strong contrast with the sickly manner in which that air is given by Italian artists. His new interpretation compelled an encore. The second part of the programme was concocted with the following

names:—Auber, Weber, Rossini, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Cimarosa, Handel, and CLARABEL! We need hardly add to whom the last addition was due, or that it was "Maggie's Secret," or that it was redemanded. The capital quintet "In hu" from "Il Flauto," with Mr. Santley as *Papageno*, went admirably; the famous "Haste thee, nymph," from "L'Allegro," was given by Mr. Lewis Thomas in such jolly style that the whole audience had hard work to refrain from joining in. The great feature of the concert was the song from "Oberon," "I'll weep for thee," which is exactly suited for Mr. Sims Reeves, and which called forth thunders of applause. The well-known trio "Matrimonio Segreto," with Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mlle. Tietjens, and Mme. Sainton, seemed greatly to please the hearers. Mr. Done played the people out with the March from "Athalia" at the close of a long, and on the whole well-sustained concert.

Wednesday.—It is a *sine quâ non*, the festivals of the three choirs should each include a performance of "Elijah" and the "Messiah," on the principle that people are never tired of listening, either in music or philosophy, to what they know already. The popularity of the "Elijah," which was the morning performance of to-day, has gone on steadily increasing since its production in forty-six, under the composer's leadership. Every little village choir knows it; every attender of these festivals can map out the passages before they occur, as familiarly as if it were the Book of Common Prayer. The attraction of these musical doings, in fact, at Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, is the absence of startling novelty. What is brought forward may be very good, but it is very trite. And herein the primal benefit of the Festival of the Three Choirs seems to be lessening every year. They no longer afford a large musical public in the country an exceptional opportunity of hearing something new. That advantage can be more readily obtained by running up to London, where trained societies such as our Sacred Harmonic, kept up to the mark by constant practice, are in a better position both to perform the known and produce the new than the country choirs which only act in concert once a year.

The performance of Mendelssohn's work this year left little to be desired. Mr. Done, the conductor, rather lagged in his time throughout the first part, but improved in his pace after luncheon. The work was divided between Mmes. Tietjens, Sherrington, Patey-Whytock, Sainton, Pullen, and Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, Cummings, Lewis Thomas and Smith, who supported it in pretty equal shares. On Mr. Santley, however, fell the whole burden of *Elijah*; and it is no small triumph that he sustained it with unabated zeal. His reading was splendid. Mr. Reeves sang the *Obadiah* with his well-known excellence. Tietjens again surpassed herself. Mme. Patey-Whytock, a thoroughly conscientious artist, was not always audible; her voice is too deficient in power. Mr. Cummings added to his laurels by a thoroughly artistic rendering of the music allotted to him. The choruses were full of good intentions, the trebles in particular being excellent in quality. The stringed, wood, and brass instruments acquitted themselves to everybody's satisfaction. All through Wednesday the rain descended in torrents, and promised no abatement.

Thursday.—Those who attended the concert of last night were greatly disappointed at the absence of our illustrious tenor, whose hoarseness, but slightly apparent in the morning, had increased so as to incapacitate him from appearing. The programme was not so good as that of the previous concert, but the various performers acquitted themselves well, particularly Messrs. Santley and Cummings, and Mmes. Lemmens-Sherrington and Sainton-Dolby.

This morning the miscellaneous selection drew a large assemblage in the Cathedral. Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's Mass in C, a selection from Handel's "Joshua" and Mendelssohn's "Lohengrin," were the food provided for the unappeasable appetites of the audience who always attend on the Miscellaneous day. As might be expected from such a lengthy programme, the effect of the whole was dull and unsatisfactory, though the executants (principals, chorus and orchestra) all exerted themselves to the utmost. It is needless further to expatiate on the performance or the performers.

The concert on Thursday night was perhaps the best of those given, as the names which graced the programme would show. Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Donizetti, Haydn, Gounod, Schubert, Hullah, Mozart and Verdi were adulterated in a slighter degree than is usual on those occasions. A quartet of Maurer's for four violins was given in excellent style by Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, Carrodus and H. Holmes. Mr. Sims Reeves was again unable to appear. The encores were awarded to Sullivan's "Sigh no more, ladies," sung by Mr. Cummings, and a ballad, "The portrait," composed and sung by Mme.

Lemmens-Sherrington. It need hardly be added that the songs which obtained this favor were the least noteworthy on the programme.

On Friday the "Messiah," an oratorio always better performed at Worcester than at the sister cities—was given. The choruses was in excellent order; the soloists—those who had undertaken the previous oratorios—did their best; the "Hallelujah" went especially well. Mr. Sims Reeves arrived in full force, sang carefully, and delighted his hearers fully. The bishop and dean were present, and the audience showed in numbers and selection.

The following tables will show the collections and attendances:—

1866.	Collected. £. s. d.	Attendances.	
		Cathedral.	Concerts.
Tuesday	474 19 0	1,621	812
Wednesday	312 6 10	2,086	870
Thursday	203 0 0	2,100	900
Friday	225 12 0	2,900	—
	£1,215 17 10	8,707	2,582

PARIS.—The Swedish singer, Mlle. Nilsson, is still singing *Martha*, while the papers are anxiously discussing reports of her intended marriage to a rich English banker. M. Arthur Pougin has written her biography, from which the following passages are taken:

"Christine Nilsson was born in the province of (Sweden) in 18—. Her parents, honest peasants, paid but little attention to the precocious taste for music the child possessed, and certainly never thought of making an artist of her. She was barely seven years of age when a rich lady of the province, struck by her charming appearance and gentleness and the sweet tone of her voice, offered to adopt her and provide for her future prospects. Her parents however refused the kind lady's proposal and the child remained at home. Some years later Christine, accompanied by a younger brother, started off to visit the fair at a neighboring village. She had a violin with her, and report says that she learned how to play it alone, and without the slightest instruction. On arriving at the principal place she began to sing and accompany herself to the delight of the standers-by. Among these was the proprietor of a travelling theatre, who was so struck by the girl's grace and talent that he offered to engage her on the spot, promising her twenty six dollars (about £4 10s.) a month if she would accept. Christine had never heard of such a sum of money in her life, and was hesitating whether she should say yes or not, when a notable of the village interfered and took her back to her parents, and proposed to attend to her musical education. This time the father and mother consented, and she was sent by her protector to Gothenburgh, and placed under the care of the Baroness L—, formerly an artist of renown, and who was so pleased with her young protégée's latent talent, that she herself gave her instructions in singing. A year later she was sent to Stockholm, and lived in the family of Frederic Bernald, a violoncellist and highly esteemed composer, ex-court Kapellmeister, and whose three daughters are well known and esteemed in their own country and in Germany as cantatrices of the first order. Thanks to Bernald's lessons, Christine was soon fit to appear in public: and her first debut took place in a grand concert, at which the royal family was present, when she obtained the most favorable reception both as singer and violinist. It was then determined to send her to Paris.

Here Mlle. Nilsson was placed under the care of M. Wartel, an ex-tenor of the Grand Opéra, and the professor of Mlle. Trebelli, and about two years ago she made her first appearance at the Lyrique as *Violetta* in the French edition of "La Traviata." We all remember with what favor she was received, and each succeeding part, "Il Flauto," "Martha," *Donna Elvira* ("Don Juan") has raised her in public estimation. Her biographer goes on to speak of her amiable qualities and says "she never forgot her country, her family, nor her friends. She was always looking forward to the time when she would be able to return among them, and last year she spent her *congé* at Malmö, to the delight of all who had known her. On her arrival she was literally covered with flowers. But a short time back her family was almost in want, but now her parents inhabit a charming residence which the happy girl has bought for them.

An unlucky performance of "Faust" took place last week at the Lyrique. Three debuts were announced, M. Jaulain (*Faust*), Cazaux (*Mephistopheles*) and Mlle. Cornelis (*Siebel*.) The last alone put in an appearance, and M. Monjaux and M. Brion, who appeared, were very roughly received. Two days later M. Cazaux was much applauded, and *Faust* took his revenge. M. Carvalho promises a rich season. Without counting "Romeo," we are

to have "*Der Freyschutz*," "*Lohengrin*" (probably,) and no less than four operas, three of which are by new comers: "*Deborah*" (3. a.) Du Vivier; "*Cardillac*," (3. a.) Dautresme; "*Sardanapale*," (4. a.) Joncières; "*Les Bleus*," Jules Cohen.

"*Joseph*," a revival of Flotow's charming "*Zilda*" with Mme. Cabel, and "*La Colombe*," are the chief attractions at the Opéra-Comique. The new concert hall will be ready at the end of October. There will be three concerts a week under the direction of Pasdeloup. Oratorios, including "*Eli*," "*Israel*," "*The Messiah*," "*Naaman*," will be produced.

A new musical instrument of striking power and sweetness, and at the same time extremely simple, has been recently exhibited at Paris, where it called forth great admiration. It resembles a piano with upright strings, except that the latter are replaced by tuning-forks, which, to strengthen the sound, are arranged between two small tubes, one above and the other below them. The tuning forks are sounded by hammers, and are brought to silence at the proper time by means of dampers. The sounds thus produced, which resemble those of the harmonium, without being quite so soft, are extremely pure and penetrating.

### Germany.

How will the political reconstruction of Northern Germany affect the cause of Music in that most musical of countries? Will Prussia, in swallowing up all those little kingdoms and dukedoms, destroy the many Court theatres, opera-houses, Kapelle (orchestras) and Conservatoires, which under court patronage have been for centuries the vital centres of artistic influence and culture? Will the love of music in the people buy henceforth its own supplies, of equal excellence and plenty, forgetting all dependence upon aristocratic subsidy? Of course, if we believe in the divine humanity of Art, we cannot doubt that it is yet in the destiny of peoples and republics to find out a better way in Art as well as politics, than that of kings. Perhaps it is for our own great republic in this new world to solve that problem first. The London Orchestra, looking only at the immediate future, observes:

Hitherto every German capital had its Royal Opera, kept up by a royal grant. The King of Hanover allowed the Hanoverian opera-house 105,000 thalers (£15,750), not counting the many presents, orders, and the like encouragement to artists. To-day, Hanover is a mere province. The Duke of Nassau's grant to the Wiesbaden theatre was 70,000 florins. The Elector of Hesse gave a similar sum to the royal establishment at Cassel. Both Nassau and Hesse Cassel are henceforth only integral portions of Prussia, and Prussia's sole Hofopernhaus is in Berlin. Conservatories may not suffer to the same extent as the theatres: the Prussian system recognizes them, as the establishment at Cologne testifies, and their influence will probably extend as before to the benefit of musical purposes in Germany. But the practical schools of music—the theatres themselves—are to all appearances lost to the Rhine Provinces. It is improbable that the Prussian government will renew the various grants. Hanover, Weisbaden and Cassel will sink into provincial towns with an essentially provincial theatre a-piece. The artistic resources of the country will be concentrated at Berlin. With a single Court there will be a single Court Theatre; and the managers of the country establishments will be reduced to the grade occupied by their compeers in England and France. Deprived of their State grants and their local aristocracy, they must depend for support on the devices of provincial managership—short seasons, an intermittent flash of brilliancy, a starring tenor and prima donna engaged now and then amid a troop of mediocrities, chorus and orchestra reduced to the least common multiple, incapable artists for the secondary parts, and an inexpensive *mise-en-scène* limited by the barren resources of the exchequer.

The Germans are a musical nation, and the subtraction of their art enjoyments will go hard with them. But what else can be done? The receipts of the opera, *per se*, do not cover the expenses; a grant has always been essential. The present dilemma is to choose between a large grant and no more opera on the old scale. We fear that the government of Berlin will choose the least expensive alternative; and this is a dread which is making itself felt on the Rhine also, where the artistic world is beginning to cry out lustily. Amid the numerous tasks imposed on King William, not the least arduous will be that

of reconciling the musical needs of his new subjects with his system of centralization, and with the requirements of his exchequer.

BERLIN. A local journal says, the theatres of the recently annexed States are sending us their first artists. Lately, it was Niemann, from Hanover; now we have Frederica Grün, the spoiled child of the public of Cassel.—Roger finished his engagement at Kroll's theatre with a very successful representation of the part of Fernando in the *Favorita*, and Mlle. Loewe was equally remarkable as Leonora.—An Italian troupe opened the Victoria theatre on the 27th of August with *Il Trovatore*.—Mlle. Lucca has made her rentrée in the *Africaine*.—On the 26th of August, the Royal Opera gave the *Prophète*, with Wachtel tenor, and Mes. Börner and von Edelsberg; on the 28th the *Wasserträger*, and on the 31st *Die weisse Dame* with Wachtel. Mr. Charles Adams (formerly of Boston) is engaged at the Royal Opera house, but will pass his vacation, from Christmas till Easter, in London.

MUNICH.—Richard Löwenherz (*Richard Cœur-de-Lion*), by Grétry, was produced on the King's birthday. There was a very brilliant audience, but the opera did not meet with a very warm reception.—Dr. Hans von Bülow, who, last May, left this capital in dignified disgust, and retired to Switzerland, has now returned, and is again always with the King.

ESSLINGEN.—The Oratorienverein, under the direction of Professor Chr. Fink, has given a concert of sacred music for the benefit of the wounded soldiers, the following being the programme:—"Gloria Patri," Palestrina; Sacred Song of the 16 century: "Jesu, meines Lebens Leben;" Organ-Prelude, Seb. Bach; Soprano Air from *The Messiah*, Handel; Three-Part Chorus, Barth. Cordan; Four-Part Chorus, J. A. Hasse; Bass Air from *Elijah*, Mendelssohn; Chorus with Solo-Quartet from *Die letzten Dinge*, Spohr; Soprano Air; Agnus Dei, Mozart; Sacred Choral Song, Chr. Fink; Soprano Air from *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn; and Motet: "Macht hoch die Thür," from Hauptmann.

MAGDEBURG.—The following was the programme to a concert given lately by the Kirchengesangsverein, under the direction of Herr Rebling, for the benefit of the wounded Prussian soldiers:—Chorale: "Wenn dich Unglück hat betreten," Seb. Bach; Hymn for Soprano Solo, Chorus, and Organ: "Hör' mein Bitten," Mendelssohn; Chorale: "Befehl Du Deine Wege," Seb. Bach; Adagio from Beethoven's C minor Symphony, arranged for the Organ by Herr Rebling; Psalm: "Kommt her und schaut die Werke des Herrn," Rolle; Duet for two Bases: "Der Herr ist der Starke Held," Handel; "Salvum fac Regem," for Chorus, Löwe; Fantasia for Organ, Hesse (played by Herr Rebling); The 100th Psalm, Mendelssohn.

COPENHAGEN.—A Conservatory of Music is to be established under the guidance of MM. Niels W. Gade, J. P. E. Hartmann, and Pauli. All the pupils will be required to attend the classes for piano, theory, and choral singing.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 13, 1866.

### Concerts.

The Bateman concerts have had the whole field to themselves during the past three weeks (except the usual noontide Organ performances), the tenth and last of them having been given in the Music Hall last evening. Since they began (on the 26th ult.) the artists, we believe, have had but three evenings of rest, while they have made excursions to Hartford, Providence twice, and Lowell. Abundant success has crowned almost every effort.

The four concerts of the first week—what we may call Mr. Bateman's pre-Brignolite period—were crowded close together into the four last nights of the week. This frequency, together

with the inferior and very miscellaneous character of the programmes, thinned the audiences of Thursday, Friday and Saturday. It was indeed unaccountable that Mme. PAREPA, one of the queens of song in all the nobler kinds, should have had almost no chance in four nights to sing anything important. There was nothing (better than Verdi), as we have seen, the first night. After that, the little duet: "*Crudel perché finora*" from Mozart's *Figaro*, the duet from *The Barber*: "*Dunque io son*," the duet "*La ci darem*," and the air "*Und ob die Wolke*" from *Der Freyschütz*, were the only things that could interest a musically cultivated audience. And the absence of an orchestra in the last of these was an injustice both to the music and the singer; she sang it sweetly, truly, but not with the inspiration of the Lind, or that simple, winning fervor of Mme. Frederici, who of course is by no means her equal as a singer. The duets were admirable. For the rest, there was the hacknied "*Robert, to que j'aime*," and nothing else but the two Ardelt waltzes (*Il Bacio* and *L'Estasi*), the showy and uninteresting, artificial "*Nightingale's Trill*," and modern English ballads, of a common stamp, the one exception perhaps being "*The Storm*," by Hullah, which is impressive, if not particularly original. In all this miscellany, to be sure, Mme. Parepa showed her great versatility and finished art in song, as well as her command of several languages.

The best things in those programmes were not set down to her. The most appetizing of the vocal selections were those which brought in the Italian *buffo* element, so admirably represented by Signor FERRANTI. His *Don magnifico* from "*Cinderella*," his Fop ("*Il farfallone*") by Mattei, his "*Non più andrai*," the fisher's song, "*La Pesca*," also by Mattei, his Rossini Tarantella: "*Già la luna*," and his Barcarole from Ricci's "*Prison of Edinburgh*," were all capital illustrations of the quick creative genius of fine musical fun. He enters wholly into the spirit of the thing; his eyes are full of it as well as his voice and hands and every look and motion. We are rapidly reconciled to his extravagance of action, it is so genuine, and at the same time so instinct with art. In the duets with Parepa he was equally good.

Sig. FORTUNA's solos were a romanza from Donizetti's *Maria di Rudenz*, and another ("*Di Provenza*"), twice, from *La Traviata*. Unimportant selections, but sung in a very chaste and finished style. This singer gains upon us by his uniformly artistic use of his light, sweet baritone voice, so tenor-like in quality, and by his gentlemanly bearing. He did justice to the earnest, pleading little duet from *Figaro*, and bore his part well with Ferranti in what we forgot to mention as one of the best and, for our day, most novel of the comic specimens, the Duo "*Se fiato*," from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*. Surely the concerts have been rich in that element.

Mr. MILLS had, musically, the most important tasks in those first concerts. In the second he played the two remaining movements of the Schumann Concerto (*Intermezzo* and *Finale*); and in the third, the Romanza and Finale from Chopin's Concerto in E minor; being rather better supported by the orchestra on these occasions. Both were admirably rendered; in truth of reading, in cleanness, firmness, brilliancy and beauty of execution there seemed nothing wanting; it was



only a little cold, which perhaps accounts for a coldness complained of in the audience, though we are more inclined to believe that those were not audiences for piano-playing even of the best but made up mainly of half-musical people who went to hear Parepa's ballads. However, Mr. Mills has steadily gained in favor, and proves himself an unassuming, intelligent, earnest artist, believing in the best and seeking it, while in all that relates to *technique* he can scarcely have a superior. The dashing Fantasia pieces (Liszt's *Africaine*, his own on *Faust*) revealed his rare power as an executant. More pleasing were an Etude of Chopin, and in a certain way some little pieces of his own, especially his *Tarantelle*.

CARL ROSA'S contributions were: the first movement of a Military Concerto by Lipinski, bold, broad in harmony, and brilliant; the "*Souvenir de Haydn*" again; Ernst's *Elegie*, brought out with rare feeling and perfection; a brilliant Concert Waltz by Alard; a fantastic "Witch's Dance" by Bazzini,—these with orchestra—and on the Saturday, without orchestra, "Auld Robin Gray," which most beautiful of the Scotch melodies his violin sings with searching purity of tone and feeling, and the little peeping extravaganza on the high harmonies which he calls *Caprice fantastique*, a pretty bit of clap-trap made up, we believe, by Miska Hauser. Other little things he played for encores, for the charm of his art and whole appearance is unfailing.

An orchestra—small one of twenty-four instruments—under Mr. ZERRAUN, had lent interest and dignity to the concerts until Saturday. Overtures, to *Semiramide*, *Freyschütz*, *Don Giovanni*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, were rather nicely played, and helped to create an appetite before each part. But in the fourth concert this artistic element was dropped, and Mr. HATTON had to do all the work of accompaniment at the piano,—an art in which he is a master. Besides which, he figured again, for once, in another of his old characters, as a singer of "eccentric songs." "The little fat man" was as exquisitely funny as ever, with his liquid as it were impromptu piano accompaniment. The voice has lost some of its freshness, to be sure (it is seventeen years since Hatton was here singing comic songs, singing *Elijah* and conducting it too, playing Beethoven Sonatas, Mendelssohn G-minor Concerto and Bach fugues!), but the little fat man is hale and hearty as ever, his whole body full of music and of humor, and those little things, which would be flat or coarse in others, have a charm of fitness and imaginative fineness with him—not that we think the concert room the fittest place for them. The Music Hall was one sea of laughter (*anerithmon gelasma*), and he had to sing it again, and another of the same sort. By the way, one of his clever tricks, in preluding to the song was to begin with a bit of sparkling Bach fugue, then a touch of Papageno and his whistle, whereby folks were cheated into finding Bach amusing!

#### SECOND WEEK.

Flimsy programmes and running the machine too constantly, as we have said, reduced the audiences; so caterer Bateman, as if discouragingly treated by these unreasonable Athenians, incontinently announced "three last concerts" for the week beginning Monday, Oct. 1. Then began the BRIGNOLI period. The manager had kept the sweet-voiced tenor in reserve as extra battery for re galvanizing the cold corpse of enthusiasm. And, whether owing to Brignoli or not—for surely his return was not an art event of signal

importance—the policy succeeded. There was a crowd. The tenor was in the best power and beauty of his voice and sang his old songs, from *Martha*, from *Linda*, besides a romanza called "Alice," in his very best style. The music was perhaps hardly worth such voice and art, but the singing was delightful, and the singer was encouraged all along by heartiest applause. It was evidently sweet to him to please a Boston audience after not very flattering recognition in the opera houses abroad.

PALEPA'S best that evening was "*Bel raggio*" from the luxurious, gold and purple *Semiramide* music of Rossini; it was superbly executed in her best voice. So was the duet from *Linda*. Ballads as usual; scarcely one can sing or point them more effectively. FERRANTI gave the Cinderella *Don Magnifico* and a Tarantella, also by Rossini; we need not say how happily. FORTUNA repeated "*Il balen*." MILLS was kept upon effect pieces (Liszt's "Rakoczy march" and his own cleverly contrived *Faust* fantasy; ROSA, upon mere Concert Waltz and *Trovatore* (!) variations. The Overtures were the *Freyschütz* and Mendelssohn's *Heimkehr*. Indifferent as the programme was, the artists were all interesting and admirably well up to their work.

The next (Wednesday) might be called Mr. HATTON'S night, for the chief labor fell on him; besides "presiding" at the piano, he had to conduct the orchestra, and did he not put a life into the charming little *Nozze di Figaro*, as well as the *Zanetta*, overture? He looks and acts so full of the music that it becomes contagious, to orchestra and audience. Moreover, a song of his, "Good-bye, sweet heart," was sung by Brignoli, and very handsomely for an Italian in English. A sweet song too, full of natural, simple feeling, and gracefully worked out. Hatton has composed scores of songs far better than the English ballads now so much in vogue. Indeed we do not know an Englishman, unless it be Sterndale Bennett, who has written songs of such high character; though, like Bennett's, they often seem like lunar reflections of the Mendelssohnian sun; but they are poetic, graceful, expressive and artistic. Brignoli also sang "*In terra*" by Mercadante, and in the charming comic duo from *L'Elisir*, with Ferranti, that night. The buffo sang a jolly Canzone: "*Il Merciajolo*" (the pedlar) by Garihaldi, and, with Parepa, the Duo: "*Ah, si, si, marito*" from *Crispino*. Fortuna, a romanza from *Don Pasquale*. Rosa played the "Fantasia-Caprice" by Vieuxtemps, and "Witch's Dance" again; Mills the Chopin Etude, the Tarantella by Mills, and the *Africaine* fantasia again, and won a warm encore. Mme. Parepa's solos were "*O luce*" from *Linda*, and a barecarolle by Gounod: "*Où voulez vous aller*," for the first time. Another crowd, and as delighted as before.

Ditto of the third of the "last" concerts—which very naturally led to the announcement of three more, the last of the last. This time the overtures were delightful ones, the *Barbiere* and the *Zauberflöte*. Hatton still conducting; the latter, especially, went nicely and clearly. Mme. Parepa sang *Batti, batti*, accompanied only by the piano and Rosa playing the violoncello part as violin obbligato. It was artistically sung of course, but we think some other singers have realized the charm of that Mozart melody more perfectly to us. She sang also two ballads: one "The Sailor's Wife," composed by Mr. Boot, a Boston gentleman long resident in Florence, proved very effective with the public; the other was one of the English "Claribel" things. The best feature of the programme (next to the overtures) was the Quatuor from *Don Pasquale*, sung by Parepa, Brignoli, Ferranti and Fortuna, and beautifully done by each and all. Brignoli still did his best, most loyally, in "*La mia letizia*" from *I Lombardi* and the Hatton song again. Ferranti rattled off Rossini's "*Largo al factotum*" with all the volubility and mercurial humor of a true Italian Figaro; and sang, too, the "Postiglione" by

Balfe. *Il Balen* again, for the third or fourth time, served to show Sig. Fortuna's tasteful style of singing. Mr. Mills repeated some of his old piano pieces and Rosa's only solo was again the Concert Waltz, with "Auld Robin Gray" for encore.

THIRD WEEK. The extra farewell concerts, at least two of the three, were distinguished by better programmes. Other things being equal, the better programme draws the better audience in a community which has heard so much good music as Boston. Managers must be willing to see that people have *learned something* by experience. In the long run the best things please more than things cheap and popular; single instances to the contrary are of small account, for oftentimes an audience, like any individual, are cold and dull to things which excite and charm them at other times, owing to circumstances wholly apart from the music in itself, such as other absorbing topics, an exciting election, the influence of weather, or the time at which you take them, whether at the flood or ebb tide of enjoyments. Last Sunday's concert, being "sacred," had perforce to show respect to "high art" in the programme. The chief drawback was the absence of an orchestra—now felt to be an essential to a first-class concert. Instead of it, Mr. WILLCOX played the *Samson* overture on the great organ, in very clear and noble style, and would have wound up the concert with an Offertoire by Batiste, if the wind had not given out in the middle of it (and some we fear, are wicked enough not to care if that accident should happen oftener in such show pieces!) Mme. PAREPA'S voice never sounded more superbly than in Handel's air, "From mighty kings." That is the kind of music which we like best of all to hear her sing. The large voice and style, the great endurance, with which she launches forth the ringing phrases, where generous power rather than fine imaginative genius is required, just suit this lofty kind of song. It was indeed a glorious effort. Her other oratorio selection was of a feebler sort, one of the Haydn commonplaces, the duet "Graceful Consort," which she sang finely with Fortuna.

But what most gave a classical character to the concert were the instrumental selections from J. S. Bach. These, though for single instruments, were truly relished; especially the Air, full of tender, heart-felt, lovely melody, and the quaint and lively Gavotte from an orchestral Suite, as played by Rosa and Hatton; this was imperatively encored—a signal triumph for Bach over a miscellaneous audience, but of course a better one than poorer programmes draw!

The Fugue, too, in G minor, for the Violin alone, which Rosa played with great breadth, power and clearness, carrying the polyphonic harmony along unbroken, was listened to with silent interest to the end. This was the Joachim style of playing, and the kind of music in which that master has achieved his greatest triumphs. Verily we have become convinced that the Violin is the best medium, best entering wedge, for inspiring a true appreciation of Bach. Mr. Mills, too, played a Prelude and Fugue of Bach on the piano, one in C minor from the "Well-tempered Clavichord"; this was received more coldly, though it was clearly rendered, doubtless owing to the nature of the instrument in so large a room. There was another piece, founded on Bach, but not Bach, indeed as far the opposite as possible, namely Gounod's *Ave Maria*, arranged from Bach's 1st Prelude in C, for Soprano, with violin, piano and organ. The little Prelude is complete in itself; Gounod's superstructure wholly in another spirit, modern, sentimental and dramatic. Considered as Gounod's only, as a rich and striking instance of euphonious effect, we have no objection to it, and indeed, with all the audience, find it very impressive. Mme. Parepa sang a rather taking sentimental song by Blumenthal, "The children's kingdom," worked up in like style.

Mr. Mills's smaller pieces were "Evening" by Schumann and an Etude by Chopin, both beautiful. Sig. Brignoli sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," making, with Hatton's accompaniment, an excellent impression. *Spirto gentil* we cared less about, but it was very finely sung. Ferranti's principal piece was the *Pro Peccatis* from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Fortuna sang a Prayer by Mercadante.—Here we must pause.

PIANO TEACHERS.—MR. PETERSILEA has not left Boston for New York; on the contrary he has many pupils here and will doubtless make his mark too in the concerts.—Another Leipzig student, Mr. STEPHEN A. EMERY, formerly of Portland, announces himself as teacher of piano forte and musical theory; his Leipzig associates commend him highly.

### Music in New York.

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, with BERGMANN for conductor, has made up its programme for the five subscription concerts. The principal selections are reported as follows:

- FIRST CONCERT.**  
Symphony No. 2, in C, Op. 61.....Schumann.  
"Nächtlicher Zug," (Episode from Lennau's "Faust,")  
1st time.....Liszt  
Overture, "Columbus," 1st time.....Bristow.
- SECOND CONCERT.**  
Symphony No. 4, Op. 60, in B flat.....Beethoven.  
"Meistersinger in Nürnberg," (Introduction.)  
1st time.....Wagner.  
Overture, "Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz.
- THIRD CONCERT.**  
Symphony in D minor, 1st time.....Volkmann.  
Overture, "Fingal's Cave," Op. 24.....Mendelssohn.  
Overture, "Les deux Journées," in E.....Cherubini.
- FOURTH CONCERT.**  
Symphony No. 2, Op. 36, in D.....Beethoven.  
Poème Symphonique, "Hunnenschlacht," (nach  
Kaulbach,) 1st time.....Liszt.  
Overture, "Magic Flute".....Mozart.
- FIFTH CONCERT.**  
Symphony No. 4, in C, "Jupiter".....Mozart.  
Symphony Dramatique, "Homo and Juliet,"  
a. Scene d'Amour; b. La Fée des Songes,  
1st time.....Berlioz.  
Overture, "Tannhäuser," in E.....Wagner.

The first public rehearsal takes place Oct. 20, the same day on which THEO. THOMAS gives his first Symphony Soirée. The *New Yorker Musik-Zeitung* intimates that the success of this enterprising young rival has prompted the symptoms of "progress" shown by the older Society in the Liszt-Wagner-Berlioz selections above named. Certainly the programmes of both parties have many novelties in common. But Thomas is the bolder of the two and has undertaken to do in five concerts work that might well tax the energies of an orchestra for a couple of years. He makes the production of great orchestral works with *chorus* the special mark of his ambition this year. Here is his list for the five soirées:

- Symphony, "Columbus," Op. 31.....Abert.  
Two Episodes from Lennau's "Faust": 1. "The Procession by Night"; 2. "The Dance in the Village Inn,"  
Liszt.  
Suite, in C, op. 101.....Raff.  
Suite in Canon form, op. 10.....Grimm.  
Prelude: "The Master Singers of Nuremberg," Wagner.  
Portions of the Missa Solenne, in D, op. 123 (For Quartet solo, violin solo, chorus, orchestra and organ).....Beethoven.  
Ninth (Choral) Symphony.....Beethoven.  
Heroic Symphony.....Beethoven.  
Jupiter Symphony, in C.....Mozart.  
Symphony in C.....Schubert.  
Symphony in E flat, op. 120.....Schumann.  
Overture in C, op. 115.....Beethoven.  
Concerto for piano, in G.....Beethoven.

The "Mendelssohn Union" are to supply the chorus.

The same gentleman has commenced the rehearsals for the first concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, to be conducted by him, which will comprise the "Columbus" Symphony by Abert; Beethoven's Overture to "Leonore," No. 3; and the "Reitersmarsch" by Schubert, instrumented by Liszt.

CARL ANSCHUTZ began a series of "sacred" concerts last Sunday evening at the Germania Assembly Rooms. Among the pieces performed were: Haydn's Symphony No. 12, in E flat; Overture "In Frühling," by Vierzling; and Wagner's Vorspiel "Die Meistersänger von Nürnberg," which seems to figure upon all the New York programmes.

MR. MAX STRAKOSCH has commenced his concert season, in the cave of Cooper Institute. He has several new artists. Herr Bökelman, a young pianist of the Bülow school, played Liszt's Schiller March. The *Review* says:

This school materially differs from that of the concert-players who have been *en vogue* in this country since Gottschalk used his eminent talent to spoil the taste of the American public, and to introduce silly sentimentality and enervating softness in playing. That narrowness of style, want of a large and broad conception, effeminate touch and affected coquetry in playing, which is called "sweet playing" in this country, is entirely discarded by the modern school of pianists, while they consider it the highest aim of the pianist to combine the most perfect execution with an orchestral grandeur of expression and a conception which renders the ideas of the composer in their utmost breadth and depth. Mr. Bökelman possesses the full material for this task, but he lacks that

calmness and self-possession which is necessary for a pianist who appears in public.

Besides him, there were a new prima donna, Mlle. Plodowska, described as "brilliant and effective," "managing a voice somewhat worn with masterly skill;" Signor Lambert, a charming tenor voice, singing with taste; Mlle. de Gebele, Carl Formes, and Jehin Prume, the violinist.

MOLLENHAUER's first Conservatory concert, for the benefit of the pupils, consisted of Beethoven's string Quartet in A, op. 18, No. 5, played by Messrs. Ed. and Henry Mollenhauer, Master Bernard Bretton and H. Gramm; Bach's *Chaconne* for violin (E. Mollenhauer); Schubert's *Ave Maria* on the violoncello (H. Mollenhauer); Sonata, piano and violin, op. 24, Beethoven (by pupils); Schubert's Trio in B flat, by J. N. Pattison, pianist, and the two Mollenhauers.

MR. GROVER has organized a travelling concert troupe, with some of the artists of his collapsed German Opera; viz.: Mme. Frederici, and Messrs. Habelmann, Himmer and Hermanns, to whom is added Wehli, the pianist.

CAMILLA URSO, the lady violinist, has returned for a few months, after most flattering success in Europe. M. Pasdeloup has engaged her for his popular classical concerts during the Exhibition of 1867. There is a probability of her re-visiting Boston before that time.

Operatic enterprises of the smaller sort are enjoying a brief after-summer season until the more absorbing Italian combination finds a rebuilt Academy ready for "inauguration." There has been Italian Opera at the French Theatre, under Mr. DRAPER's management: *Martha*, with Mlles. Boschetti and Gebele, Sig. Tamaro, Locatelli and Carl Formes; *Trociatore*, with Massimiliani, Mme. De Rossi, Boschetti, Orlandini, and others; *Rigoletto*, with Miss Emily Boughton (American) as Gilda,—and so on. There will be, at the same theatre, French opera by M. Juignet's troupe, beginning with Halévy's "*Mousquetaires de la Reine*." At the New York Theatre, a new season of English opera, under Mr. EICHBERG's direction, whose "Doctor of Alcantara" led off last week. He has added several new and pretty pieces to it. The parts were taken by Mrs. Gomersal, Miss Maria Norton, Mrs. Mozart, Mr. John Farley, Mark Smith, Weidlich, Gomersal, &c.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS. We have the following communication, dated Sept. 24:

"Thursday evening last, one of the finest classical soirées ever given in this place took place at the Music Hall Wareroom of Messrs. Clarke, Kidder & Co., the headquarters for musical people in this musical town, well known as the home of Jenny Lind while in this country. The performers on this occasion were: Pianists—Mrs. Kloss, of New York; Mrs. Thompson (formerly Mrs. Baker), of New York; Miss K. E. Prince, of Northampton. Vocalists—Mrs. Wentworth and Mr. Ticknor, of Boston; Dr. and Mrs. Meekins, Miss J. W. Shepard, and Mr. W. A. Clarke, of Northampton. The programme, which is annexed, was rendered in the most artistic and satisfactory manner by some of the best amateur artists in this country, and listened to by an appreciative audience of about one hundred persons.

- Quartuo, 4 hands.....Haydn.  
Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Kloss.  
"Dove song".....Mozart.  
Mrs. Wentworth.  
a Longing by the sea,.....Chopin.  
Scherzo.....Mozart.  
Duet. "Le Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart.  
Mrs. Wentworth and Mr. Ticknor.  
Quartet. O notte soave.....Wekerlin.  
Theme and Variations. Two Pianos.....Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Kloss.  
Ave Maria.....Cherubini.  
Concerto in C minor.....Beethoven.  
Trio. "Madre del sommo amore".....Campana.  
Sonata. Two Pianos.....Bergt.  
Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Kloss.

The construction of Music and Piano Warerooms, to be used for concert purposes, by Messrs. Clarke, Kidder & Co., is worthy of imitation; and by giving classical concerts from time to time, free to their musical friends and patrons, pianoforte manufacturers can do much towards advancing the musical taste of our large towns."

### Special Notices.

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- The Cuckoo's notes. Song. Blumphin. 30  
The little drooping flower. " " 30  
Two pretty ballads, the last one with a chorus, and the first one with the cry of the cuckoo occasionally interrupting the music.  
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L'Estasi. Valse d'Arditi. Sung by Mad. Parepa. 75  
Very beautiful, and with no difficulty to frighten any lady with a tolerably flexible voice. Has Italian and English words, and "facilità" passages for those who cannot sing the highest notes.  
Why was I looking out? Sung by Parepa. Blumenthal. 30

- The lady probably knew why she "looked out" so regretfully, after driving her lover away by ill treatment. At any rate, he returned, and the matter was very amicably arranged. Good music.  
Fairest and Rarest. Ballad. M. Keller. 30  
A good title, after reading which, open the leaves, and sing the song, which will not disappoint you.  
When we went a gleaming. Sung by Parepa. W. Ganz. 30

- Very neat and finished, and a pretty affair for the ladies to sing these autumn days, albeit they may never have followed the example of Ruth, themselves.  
Ah! Child of Hope. (Le Baptême du petit Ebeniste.) C. Plantade. 30  
A very pretty melody, with French and English words.

- Don't shut out the moonlight, mother. Song. E. Bettischer. 30  
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Easy and useful pieces for learners.  
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